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The Columbian University.

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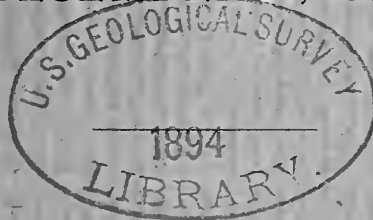
ADDRESSES

IN MEMORY OF

Prof. Edward T. Fristoe, LL. D.

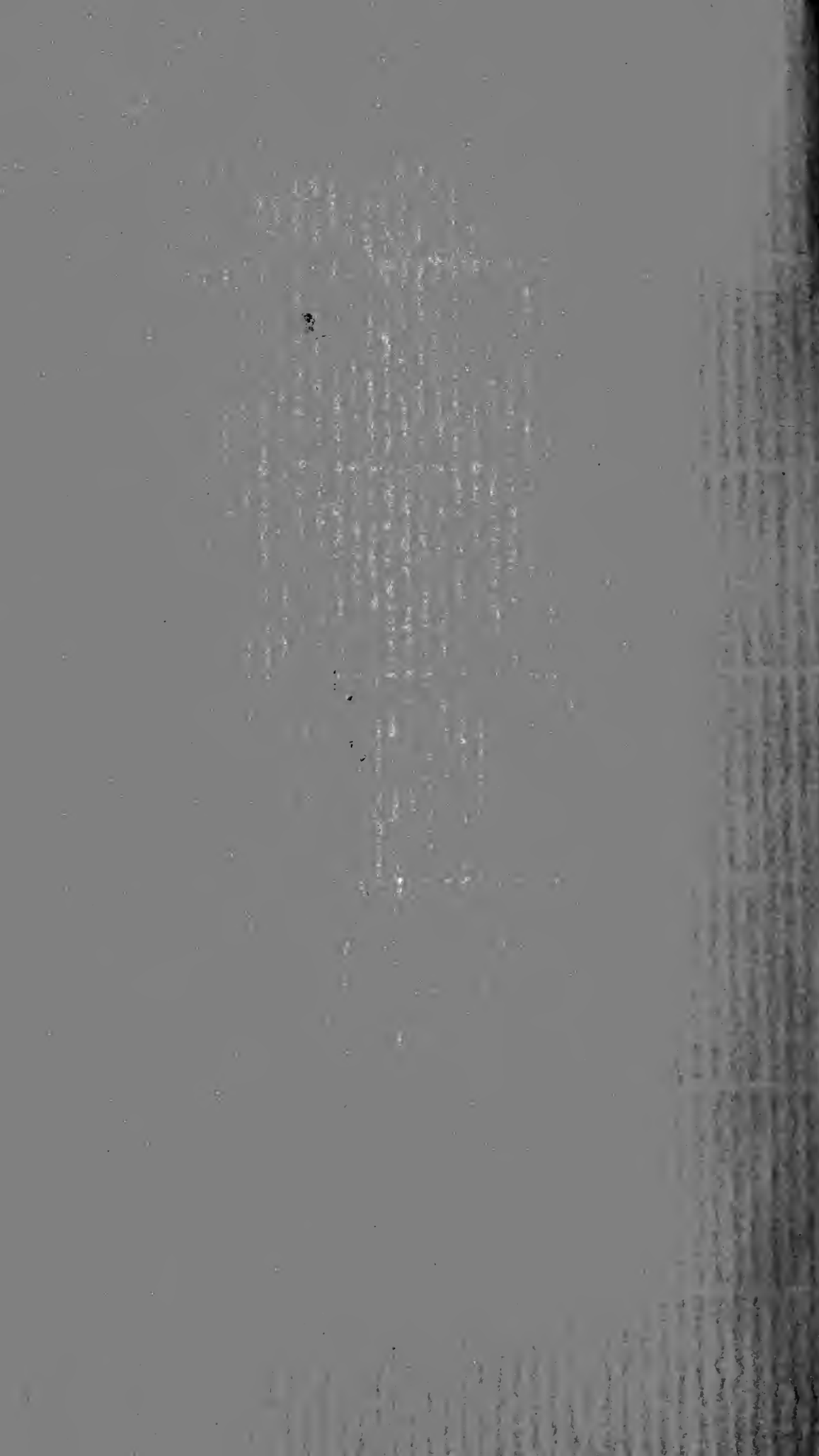
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DECEMBER 16, 1892.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.



George Washington university, Washington, D.C.

The Columbian University.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

EDWARD T. FRISTOE.

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Edward T. Fristoe was born in Rappahannock County, Virginia, December 16th, 1827; son of Joseph and Martha Fristoe. Received his early training at old time country schools in the neighborhood of his home. At the age of seventeen years, he entered Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia, from which he graduated in 1849, with the highest honors. For two years was principal of an academy at Surrey Courthouse, Virginia. In 1852 entered the University of Virginia, from which he graduated in three years, receiving the degree of A. M. in 1855. He excelled especially in mathematics and natural sciences. At the University he had the respect and esteem of professors and students, and was looked up to as a leader among the students. In 1855, while still a student, he was elected to the chair of mathematics in the Columbian College of Washington, D. C., which position he held with great acceptance until 1860, when he resigned to accept the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the State University of Missouri.

He entered the confederate army in 1862 as Adjutant General of the army of South Missouri, was made major in 1863, and soon after appointed colonel of cavalry. In 1864 he was with General Price in his march from the Arkansas to the Missouri River. He is spoken of

as having been a gallant soldier; conspicuous alike for his courage and discretion. After the close of the war in 1865, he was elected to the chair of chemistry in the Columbian College, and in 1871, to chair of chemistry in the Medical Department of the Columbian University; 1872, lecturer on chemistry in the National College of Pharmacy, District of Columbia; 1872, also the degree of LL. D., from the Wm. Jewell College of Missouri, was conferred on him; 1874, Phar. D., from the National College of Pharmacy, District of Columbia; 1884, Professor of General and Analytical Chemistry of the Corcoran Scientific School, and Dean of the Faculty. At the time of his death, he was Professor of Chemistry in Medical Department, Professor of Chemistry and Physics in Corcoran Scientific School, and Dean of Faculty of latter.



## ADDRESS

OF

President James C. Welling, LL. D.

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Lord Byron, in what is perhaps the best, as well as the best known, of his poems has likened man to a "pendulum betwixt a smile and tear." It is certain that the mortal life of our lamented friend, the late Professor Fristoe, if gauged from the point of time when it first came within my ken, till the day when it faded into the life eternal, may be literally said to have vibrated between these two forms of emotional expression.

I met him for the first time at his bridal, where, as was meet on a wedding day, smiles of joy wreathed the faces of the many friends who came to rejoice with him on that day of his rejoicing. From that day onward, it was my good fortune to enjoy his personal acquaintance, down to the day when his life so suddenly went out, amid the tears of the friends who were called to follow his remains to the house appointed for all the living.

But if his life, so far as it came under my observation, may be said, in a certain sense, to have oscillated betwixt smiles and tears, it would be a great mistake to suppose that his long and useful career moved in the sphere of the emotions alone. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow is our destined end or way, as one of our own poets has said. We all can say, with entire assurance,

that Professor Fristoe did not set the psalm of his life to any emotional key-note, vivid as were his sensibilities. If at any time he may have dreamed that Life was Beauty he showed by all his waking activities that Life for him was Duty.

If at any time he may have been tempted to indulge in despondency, we may aver, with entire confidence, that he never yielded to the temptation, and so it came to pass that he led before us all a life that was full of the most unintermitting labors as well as the warmest affections.

I say that the warmest affections as well as the most unintermitting labors were blended in his life and his career. The philosophical poet of England has taught us that we must find in the primal affections of our nature, "The fountain light of all our day, the master ight of all our seeing." Long before Wordsworth had given a poetical expression to this truth, King Solomon had said, as the induction of a wisdom condensed into proverbial form, that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he;" and a greater than Solomon has said that it is "out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh."

It is not for me, as the presiding officer of this memorial meeting, to enumerate, still less to classify and appreciate, the virtues which shed their fragrance along the path in life of our friend and colleague. In so doing I should commit an indecorum, as seeming to anticipate what will be better said by those who are to follow me. But if I were called to sum up, in a single trait, the most characteristic of his endowments on the side of the affections, I should find it in the strong human kindness which come to habitual expression in all his acts, and in all his words. And hence it was but natural that this human kindness never

failed to meet return from the friends who were bound to him by hooks of steel. All the generousities of social life found a congenial home in his benignant bosom.

On the side of his activities in this University, you all know how superabundant he was in his arduous labors. If Prospero in his cell could say that for him his "library was a dukedom large enough," it may be said with truth of Professor Fristoe, that he found *his* "dukedom" in the precincts of the chemical laboratory, and in the Lecture Hall where listening students caught words of learning from his lips. And not in chemistry alone, but in the whole circle of the physical sciences, he had been a diligent student, and hence it is that so many, in all parts of the land, are ready to rise up and join with us to-day in invoking a blessing on his memory.

ADDRESS  
OF THE  
REV. A. J. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

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It is no easy matter to analyze the motives which impel us to pay our tributes of respect to the dead.

Cicero refers to the duties which the Romans were so careful to perform for the dead, as a proof that they believed that the soul was immortal, and that it was interested in these tokens of regard from the living. And it is possible that, even in Christian lands, a belief of this kind, that our deceased friends are in some way acquainted with the rites which we perform in memory of them, and that they are gratified by them, though such a belief is not well defined, and though but few, comparatively, are even conscious of entertaining it, may, nevertheless, often-times have something to do with the honors which are bestowed upon the dead.

But it is probable that men generally pay them these tributes of respect from the mere instinct of love, which is too strong to remain silent and inoperative within them, but constrains them in this way to give expression to it.

Or, feeling that our departed friends are still entitled to all the regard we can show them, we may, in order to satisfy our conscience and the claims of justice, render them these attentions.

And, still further, we are incited to offer these tributes of affection by the conviction that it is for the good of society to cherish the remembrance of the departed, and to hold up their characters for the imitation of the living, and especially of the young, and thus to incite

them to strive for the attainment of those excellences which make men honored in life, and lamented in death.

Now whether it is from motives like these, or from other motives still, that we have come to-day to these memorial services, of this, at least, we are sure, that we are here with one accord for the purpose of showing the esteem and love which we cherished for a noble man while he was with us, and the veneration in which we still hold his name. And we are gathered here also to thank God for giving us such a blessing, and continuing it to us so long.

Allow me, then, to refer to some of those traits in the character of Professor Fristoe which, during an intimate acquaintance of more than thirty years, seemed to me especially worthy of admiration.

And, to speak first of *his intellectual qualities*, it is hardly necessary to say to those who knew him well, that his natural gifts were of no common order. His mind was strong and well balanced, not so remarkable, perhaps, for the predominance of anyone of its faculties as for their general development. He was quick and clear in his perceptions; vigorous in his reasoning powers; and eminently sound in judgment. And few men were more strongly characterized by a *practical turn of mind*. The faculty of the college found in him a wise counsellor. In all the matters which pertained to the arrangement of the courses of college study, and to their proper adjustment to one another, and especially in the establishment of the Corcoran School, his power of organization was clearly seen and gratefully acknowledged by his colleagues. Of the Corcoran School he was, from its beginning, the efficient and honored Dean. But not only as a college faculty, but as individuals, in our private affairs, we, as well as

many others, found him an intelligent, discreet, and safe adviser.

Of his *ability as a scholar and a professor*, first of Mathematics, and afterwards of Natural Science, it is not too much to say that the intelligent pupils, who, for a period of thirty-two years, class after class, listened to his instructions, and the men of science who were brought into contact with him, ever regarded him as a thorough master and skillful expounder of the subjects which he taught.

He wrote indeed no books connected with his branches of study; but we may believe that the principal reasons of this were, on the one hand, that he did not care to go over the ground which many authors in these departments had already travelled; and, on the other hand, that, after the exhausting labors to which he was daily subjected in the lecture room, and in preparing himself to impart to his students the greatest possible benefit, he felt that he had not nervous energy enough, and leisure enough, to enable him to press beyond the boundaries which others had reached, and to conquer new territory for the domain of knowledge.

And what shall we say of those *moral qualities* of Professor Fristoe which were so striking and attractive as to make us sometimes almost lose sight of his rich intellectual endowments.

The foundation of this lofty moral character was the *purity of his principles*. His heart was right. His great aim was to discharge his duty to God and man. No one who knew him well probably ever suspected that the principles which controlled that great heart were evil. We all felt that the springs of action in that noble life could not be wrong.

And, first, we may say that he was the very model of *sincerity and truthfulness*. He was a man without guile.

Whoever else was chargeable with duplicity, he was simple and straightforward. No one distrusted him, or feared that some evil purpose lurked in his soul. The faculty and students of the college, and all who knew him, were convinced that what he said, he meant; that what he professed, he believed and felt. And this candor, integrity, and uprightness, he practised through life, and thus proved that he was worthy of this universal confidence which was reposed in him. He lived and died "an honest man,—the noblest work of God."

And, in this connection, we may mention his *conscientiousness and faithfulness* in the discharge of duty. In the long and honored roll of professors in our American colleges, it would be difficult to find any who have given themselves more completely to the work to which they have been appointed, or who have been more devoted to the interests of the institutions which they have served, and to the welfare of the students committed to their charge; who, in a word, have been more punctual, and careful, and diligent, in the discharge of their various duties as college officers, than Professor Fristoe.

Nor was he less remarkable for his *energy and perseverance*. These high qualities, not only characterized him in youth when he was in pursuit, without adequate pecuniary means, of an academic education, first, at the Virginia Military Institute, and afterwards, at the University of Virginia, from which he gained the honor of the Master's degree, but also distinguished him in his whole career as a scholar and a college professor.

But all who are familiar with his life would say that his *unselfish disposition* was worthy of special mention. His motto seemed to be, "No man liveth unto himself." He claimed nothing for himself which did not belong

to him; and even what was his own he often resigned to others. As a member of the college faculty, he never sought to lay heavier burdens on others than he was willing to bear himself. He shirked no duty; he shunned no responsibility. Now it was this disposition to look not on his own things, but also on the things of others,—“to love himself last,”—that gave his character much of its nobility, and gained for him much of that esteem, and love, and admiration, in which he was held. Men like him who can sink the considerations of self in a regard for others, become, when great occasions require, the true heroes and benefactors of the world. They are the men who in a worthy cause are ready, at the summons of their country, to imperil their lives on the high places of the field; or who, at the call of God, for the sake of mitigating human woe and for the salvation of their race, hesitate not to leave the luxuries and refinements of civilized life behind, and to go to distant and savage shores to unfurl the banner of the Cross.

And allied to this unselfish disposition he had *a kind and generous nature*. His conduct towards his colleagues was eminently friendly and courteous. It seemed to be free from envy and jealousy, and to be pervaded by a feeling of genuine good-will. Of the kindliness of the words which marked his intercourse with us, we might, each of us well say in the language which the Roman orator represents Laelius as using of his friend Scipio. Africanus The Younger, a little while after his death: “I never heard anything from him which I was sorry to hear.”

The students also found in him a kind and sympathetic friend. They had such confidence in the goodness of his heart, as well as in the wisdom of his counsels, that they went freely to him in their perplexities



and troubles, and received from him the advice and encouragement which they needed. And we believe that a college officer has rarely been more highly appreciated and respected, and more sincerely loved, than Professor Fristoe by the successive classes of the Columbian College.

Nor was his kindly disposition shown to those alone with whom he was most intimately associated. His genial nature inclined him, as far as his pressing duties permitted, to social intercourse, and especially fitted him for it. His kind and sympathetic heart, the naturalness, simplicity, and cordiality, of his manners, and the vivacity, mingled oftentimes with the pleasantry of his conversation, made him welcome in every house and in every social circle which he visited. His presence, like the sudden shining of the sun into our dwellings, diffused cheerfulness and delight. His coming was a signal for social enjoyment. How sadly in our families, and in our social gatherings, within the last few months, has that benevolent and radiant face, that warm grasp of the hand, and that glad voice, been missed!

And here I might refer to his *generosity* towards either individuals or charitable and religious objects that needed his aid. Although he was sparing in his expenditures for his own gratification, yet he dispensed to those purposes which he regarded as worthy of his benefactions, with even a more liberal hand than most men would have thought that his means justified. He gave away what others would have laid up for future need.

Such were some, and only some, of the admirable traits which distinguished the character of him whose departure from us we deplore. We sorrow not as though one standing on the common level of humanity

had gone from us, but we feel that a very prince has fallen.

But we rejoice that "being dead he yet speaketh." His words are still in our ears and in our hearts, and there they will long abide. His actions are before our eyes, and will still guide us to a better life. The young who listened to his teachings, or only knew him, as they look at his career, will see what a man of good native intellect and strong common sense, with honesty, industry, energy, self-denial, and kindness,—in a word, with the love of God and man in the heart as the controlling principles of conduct,—what such a man can accomplish; and inspired and encouraged by his example, they will be stimulated to higher and nobler things.

And how cheering is the thought that the influence of our departed friend will not cease, even when all who knew him shall have ceased to live. That influence is the inheritance of humanity, and remaineth with it forever; for communicated by one individual to another and by one people to another, and transmitted from generation to generation, it shall be as limitless as the dwelling place of the race, and as lasting as the duration of the soul.

And let this our great loss be to us in one way our great gain. Let us not continue to imagine, as we are so prone to imagine, that all men are mortal but ourselves. He who has gone from us, since he had a strong bodily constitution and robust health, seemed to see no sufficient reason why he might not also reach the age of more than four score years and ten, to which his mother had attained: and he casually remarked to a friend, who had called to sympathize with him, just after she died, that he expected to live himself to be still older than she;—and yet, in less than twenty-four

hours, he was lying low in death. We know not indeed what a day may bring forth. Whatever then our hand findeth to do, let us do it with our might. And since we have here no continuing city, let it be our first concern to seek for an abiding habitation in the place which our Great Mediator and Forerunner has gone to prepare for his followers; and on the golden streets, and beside the crystal waters, of that New Jerusalem, may we again and forever hold communion with our dear friend and brother, who has passed on, and entered in, a little before us.

## ADDRESS

BY

D. W. PRENTISS, A. M., M. D.

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*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is a sad purpose for which we meet to-night—to do honor to the memory of our deceased colleague. I appear before you in this connection, by invitation of our honored President, as the representative of the Medical Department.

A few weeks ago, on the first of October, we inaugurated the seventy-first session of the Medical School, with a fair prospect of a pleasant and prosperous winter's work. But alas our pleasurable anticipations were not without their shadow, the shadow cast by the death of dear Professor Fristoe, the oldest member of our Faculty.

We missed then, as we miss to-night, his genial familiar face. For twenty-one years he stood in his place, evening after evening, giving instruction to the successive classes of pupils, now numbered in the *Alma Mata* of the Columbian University. For twenty-one years he has worked with us, and by his courteous manners, endeared himself to both professors and students. On that occasion, for the first time, he failed to lend his aid in the exercises of a public meeting; for the first time he was absent from his accustomed place. And now we meet upon the anniversary of his natal day, to pay public tribute to his faithful work, and express our sorrow in his loss.

The Destroyer, that is no respecter of persons, spares neither rank nor talent, strikes equally rich and poor,—has left us but his memory. No more shall our ears ring with the tones of his hearty voice; no more shall we feel the influence of his genial presence. Nothing is left to us but his good works, and the echoes from the silent tomb.

It is perhaps not inappropriate that it should devolve upon the present speaker this evening, to pay a just and well deserved tribute to the memory of our deceased and greatly lamented friend. I have known him probably longer than any other member of the Medical Faculty.

Thirty-five years ago I appeared before Professor Fristoe at the old Columbian College on the hill, at the end of fourteenth street, for examination for admittance to the College. Well do I remember his kindly reception of the frightened candidate on that occasion. The interview is still so vividly fixed in my mind, that I remember even the problems in geometry that he gave me to solve. Following that I was under his instruction in mathematics, in the daily routine of work at the College for three years, until graduation. He was then the same sympathetic friend, as well as a thorough instructor, to the students that he has always been since. Among the college boys he was a universal favorite—which is saying not a little—for professors are not always favorites with college boys. He treated the boys then, as he has invariably treated his pupils since, as *young gentlemen*. And I well remember how distasteful it was to him to be detailed to watch a class during written examination. In fact, he told the boys they were too honorable to need watching.

Since the old college days, I have known Professor Fristoe, almost continuously, except during the interval

of the late war. For thirteen years we were associated in the Medical Faculty. Words fail me to express on the part of my colleagues and myself, the esteem and respect in which he was held. He was always punctual to his engagements both in the Lecture room and at Faculty meetings. He never shirked a duty, and how he ever found the time and strength to accomplish his manifold work, is a wonder to his colleagues. Certainly no other one person will fill his place. He was Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical School; Professor of General and Analytical Chemistry in the Corcoran Scientific School and Dean of the Faculty; Professor of Physics and Natural History in the Collegiate Department; besides doing constantly work in Analytical Chemistry, and instructing private classes in the laboratory. As great as is his loss in all directions, it will be felt most keenly in the Columbian University.

As to his popularity with the students, I need say nothing. None know better than yourselves, how affable and obliging he always was, and of all the teachers, none was held in higher esteem. A tribute to the character of Professor Fristoe would be incomplete, without reference to the esteem in which he was held by the lady students of the University. In him they felt sure of a friend and advocate. A number have spoken to me of his kindness, and more than one has said she did not see how she could return to the work of the chemical laboratory and not find him present. The professor was ever noted for his gallantry to the fair sex, and was among them, deservedly a favorite. To be chivalrous was to him second nature. That vivacity of manner which made him so pleasant a companion, also gave him the appearance of a much younger man than he really was. He was, in fact, the

youngest looking man of his age that I have ever known. His real age as it appeared in the obituary, was, I am sure, a surprise to most of his acquaintances. He himself often referred to his health and youthful feelings. Only two days before his death, after the death of his mother, he said to a friend, "My mother lived to be ninety-two years of age; I shall live to be a hundred." Within forty-eight hours he crossed the dark river.

His private life was without a blemish. He was never known to swerve from the very highest standard of honor in all his professional and social relations. A vivacious temperament, excellent memory, and ready wit, combined with a generous spirit, made him socially one of the best of men. He was zealous where his convictions were involved, and impulsive by nature, yet his candid, kindly spirit was so well understood by his friends that he held fast their regard and esteem. Of his fidelity to friends, one of his colleagues who knew him best, writes me as follows: "If a friend or even an acquaintance was criticized in his presence he would always say something favorable, if it could possibly be said. In his hands a friend's character was always safe. His fidelity to his friends was one of the most beautiful traits in a character as beautiful as man could possess."

His generosity was proverbial, and for his means, lavish, while at the same time so modestly bestowed, that but few of his deeds were even suspected outside of those immediately benefited. In his church where he was a highly valued member, I am informed by one who knows, that he gave more money in proportion to his income than any other member. The quiet modesty of his charities was only equalled by that of his professional career, and which was characteristic of the

man, one of quiet, unobtrusive usefulness. No one ever heard him, even by inference, sound his own praises nor make a virtue of his merits.

One of the most beautiful traits of his character was his devoted tenderness and affectionate care of his aged mother. Indeed, it was this filial love that led to the fatal illness. Rather than leave her to the care of others, he remained in the city during the hot summer, refusing to take the much needed vacation. And the exposure to the sun during the intense heated spell, attending to the details of her funeral, brought on the sunstroke of which he died.

Professor Fristoe's death was sudden, caused by sunstroke. When he returned from the burial of his mother, he complained of feeling badly, but thought it would soon pass. During the night an unusual noise was heard in his room, and he was found unconscious. Physicians were called, but he never rallied, dying at seven a. m., July 30th, the clinical thermometer recording a temperature of  $111^{\circ}$ . The news of his death came to his friends and associates as a stroke of lightning from a clear sky, and reaching beyond the confines of his native land, across the Atlantic Ocean, it summoned back, our honored president from a special mission abroad. His place and work in the University was so important that his death rendered necessary here the presence of President Welling.

The last time I saw Professor Fristoe was at the steamer's wharf in Baltimore, July 9th, where he had gone to bid farewell to a party of dear friends, sailing abroad, a trip which he also would have taken, but for his filial devotion. Alas! had he gone with us, we would in all probability, now not mourn his loss. When we each one of us shook him by the hand and received his cheery good wishes, little did we think we



should see him no more on earth. The manner in which we learned the news of his death was almost tragic. On the night of August 19, at the Great Opera House in Paris, in the corridor, between the acts, we met some Washington friends. After conversing awhile, one of them said, "Have you heard of Professor Fristoe's death?" I denied it could be true, that there must be a mistake in identity. But my informant gave the details, until doubt was no longer possible. It seemed like a dreadful dream; in a strange city, in a strange land, at an opera, that three of his students should have such news dropped on them like a thunderbolt. I need not say that we lost all further interest in French opera. The next day we sailed for home. Another of our Faculty first heard the news abroad, from a newspaper paragraph, accidentally read.

Of Professor Fristoe it can be truly said: He was an *upright, honest man*, in the loftiest sense of the term. He was a *good citizen*, faithful in the discharge of his duties to society. He was a *true friend* to all those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. He was a *trusted, trustworthy teacher*. To what greater honor can man attain? I hope for myself no higher. God grant that to all of us it may come as well deserved as to Professor Fristoe. Let us keep his memory green.

We can assist to keep his memory green in the Columbian University. It occurs to me that it would be a graceful tribute if the professors and students would unite in placing a portrait of the Professor in the library room of the University. At the Great University of Leyden, in Holland, the walls of the counsellor's room are covered with not less than three hundred portraits in oil of deceased professors, among them that of the great Boerhaave. Such a collection is of great interest, stimulates ambition on the part of the students, and

holds out to the teachers the certainty that at least their memory will be honored. Let us initiate the custom in the old Columbian, with the portrait of Professor Fristoe.

ADDRESS  
OF  
WILLIAM B. KING, ESQ.

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THE INFLUENCE OF PROFESSOR FRISTOE AS A  
TEACHER.

Those of us who attended the old college on "the hill" like to think that a certain special fragrance clings about the memories of our college days, unknown to those who have done their college work within these walls. We associate with the substantial old college building and the broad grounds, a breadth and freedom of action and of thought which we fondly fear these younger men may never know. The old college building has gone; every brick and stone has been carried away. Yet I cannot think that any of us pass its site without regret.

Across the college campus was the laboratory, which we know no more, a little, old, rough, one story building. There we used to go for instruction in physics, chemistry and higher mathematics. This was the undisputed kingdom where presided our instructor and friend, Professor Fristoe, in whose honor we are met to-day.

I speak of him as our instructor and our friend because he was both of these.

As instructor, every student realized his mastery. He knew thoroughly what he taught. From his fullness of knowledge and his clearness of vision, he spoke clearly. No earnest student was too dull to understand what he explained.

He was gifted, too, with that peculiar intellectual faculty, so important to a teacher, of insight into young men. He saw the characteristics of each student readily and knew his bent and purpose and was able to adapt his instruction to the student's need. The individuality of each student made a distinct impression upon him.

These are the two necessary qualifications of an instructor, knowledge of his subject and knowledge of his scholars. Possessing both of these, Professor Fristoe was an instructor of high rank and of marked ability.

Yet I think that all of us knew Professor Fristoe not merely as an able instructor but as a valued friend. He was endeared to us by his directness of speech, by the simplicity of his manner and by that kindness of heart which was apparent in all his actions. No student ever had an unkindly feeling toward him. I have never heard a student speak unkindly of him. We all realized that he had our welfare at heart; that every effort on our part to master the studies which we pursued with him, was more than met by an earnest desire on his part to aid us. No student ever went to him for assistance or advice, who did not feel that he was heartily welcome. We all felt the impress upon us, of a kind and generous heart, and of a determined purpose to do well the work which was in his hands to do.

Every teacher has two spheres of action in which he makes an impression upon the young men who come before him. A college student learns facts from his instructors, of mathematics, science, Latin, Greek, and English. These he is consciously taught, and these he consciously learns. But every teacher unknowingly imparts what every student unknowingly receives, those intangible moral influences which go to the mak-

ing of character. The character of the teacher molds the character of the scholar. The greatest teachers, whose names, like that of Thomas Arnold, are remembered with reverence and tender regard by generations of students, are not those who have succeeded in crowding into the brains of their pupils, the greatest number of facts in the shortest space of time.

They are those whose personal characters have made the greatest impression upon the young men who have been under their instruction. In this great characteristic, Professor Fristoe was notable. We learned from him our full share of the curriculum prescribed by the rules of the college. But we learned more than that; we learned to appreciate a frank and open nature, free from all affectation or sham; we learned to value earnestness in worthy labor; we learned to know the beauty of a kindly heart and a generous character. Professor Fristoe taught us the worth of a friend.

All of his former pupils have had occasion to recall his wonderful memory for those who have studied with him. He remembered all the boys who had been in his care. If he met them he could still call them by name and I think moreover that he still preserved for every one a knowledge of his own individuality acquired in teaching him.

When we gathered together last summer at the funeral service of our lamented friend, I could not fail to notice the many men there present, who had sat under his instructions during his long period of usefulness here. While he remembered his students, this showed that they had not forgotten him, and that however much they might have forgotten the facts of science which he had taught them, they had remembered those moral characteristics of kindness of disposition, of sympathy with them and of earnestness, and

that, in his death, they felt that they had lost a friend.

The students of the Columbian College will always associate with Professor Fristoe, two other honored professors who have been his colleagues for nearly thirty years. From one of these we learned the correct and forcible use of our mother tongue, and from the other we learned the ancient language of far off Greece. It has been more than twenty years since I first knew them, and since then I have year by year seen their dark hair change into that hoary covering which a sacred writer calls, "a crown of glory," for with them it has indeed been found "in the way of righteousness." I speak for all the students of the Columbian College, when I express the fervent hope that many more years may be spared to both of them, not only to instruct many succeeding classes in the branches of learning which they so well teach, but also to encourage them by the example of the highest virtues of character.

The task of a teacher of young men presents many discouragements. While at college, very few students are appreciative of the work of their teachers. They receive instruction at best as a task; the close of the lecture is the point they are looking for. However happy the college life, ambitious youth is longing for its end. On graduating, the student's thoughts are centered in himself. The labors of the instructors who have enabled him to reach this point are overlooked. For some years after graduation his thoughts are all turned towards his future, without a recollection of those who have spent their toil and time in promoting his welfare.

Thus the teacher seldom has the tribute of grateful appreciation of his work from the student whose welfare has been the object of his daily concern. Yet there

comes a time in the life of every man, sooner or later, when his thoughts turn back to his college days, and when the labor and care of his instructors begins to be impressed upon his tardy mind. If I may believe the wisest of the world, these thoughts and these memories grow stronger with years and the mature mind more freely and more fully appreciates and consciously thanks the instructors of the youthful days.

It is this due tribute of affection which we bring to our honored preceptor in whose name we are gathered here to-day. His mortal form has passed from us, but he still lives to all who knew him; in our memories—by the instruction which we had from him; in our characters—formed by his wise precept and example; and in our ever increasing gratitude to him for his earnest care and attention, then too little appreciated.



ADDRESS  
OF  
DR. STAKELY.

Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

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Having sustained to Dr. Fristoe the relation of pastor, I feel that it is appropriate for me on this occasion to speak of his religious character and life. Time will not allow me to enumerate all the graces that adorned his character, all the virtues that exhibited themselves in his life.

In the short time in which it was my privilege to know him his character impressed itself upon me, and I was won to him by three things in particular that characterized him as a Christian gentleman: His intelligence, his liberality, and his cheerfulness. Dr. Fristoe was an intelligent Christian; he kept himself well informed in religious matters. I never found him uninformed when I sought conversation with him on any line of religious or theological thought. His Bible was the man of his counsel, and he labored to understand its teachings.

He gave the strength of his intellect to the Lord, and recognized that his scholarship was something which it was his privilege to bring and lay at the feet of his Saviour. He thought on lines which usually occupy the minister. He was not a minister of the Gospel, yet he could hold interesting and valuable conversation on subjects which occupy the minister. He had a sure grasp of the truth, and seemed to me to excel in his understanding of the doctrines of the Bible.



He was clear-cut, strong, and positive in his denominational views, but at the same time he recognized also those doctrines which are held in common by the body of Christians, and for them would just as readily have laid down his life. He was an acceptable Sunday School teacher. Young men and young women were glad to sit at his feet and through him learn of the Saviour.

I have never had any doubt of his experience of grace. He had an intelligent conception of Christianity, of the mission of the Saviour, and he trusted himself to the Saviour with the simplicity of a little child. I have seen him in moments of supreme trial, moments which would have brought desolation to the heart of most persons, but I have never seen his spiritual sky over-cast, I have never seen his faith or his hope eclipsed. He was of buoyant disposition, trusting the Lord even when he could not understand the leading of the Lord, trusting the Lord with child-like simplicity and faith, and he always felt that although the Lord led him by a way which he himself knew not, it was never by a way which the Lord knew not.

Dr. Fristoe was also a liberal Christian. I have alluded to his liberality of sentiment; he was possessed of a broad soul that took in not only the people of his own denomination, but all the children of God without regard to denomination or name. He was delighted to shake the hand of a Christian man or woman; he was ever ready to assist anyone in the Christian life.

He was no respecter of persons. His attitude toward the high and low was the same. He regarded all souls as capable of salvation, as needing salvation, and at the same time his heart went out like the heart of his Saviour and impressed men and women wherever they were found, with his benovolence. His spirit

of missions, his charity seemed to have no bounds, and that religion which lifted him up to the very throne of God also broadened him, spread him out, so that he recognized men and women everywhere as immortal beings, and he rejoiced in their acceptance with God, even when they did not unite with the people of his own denomination.

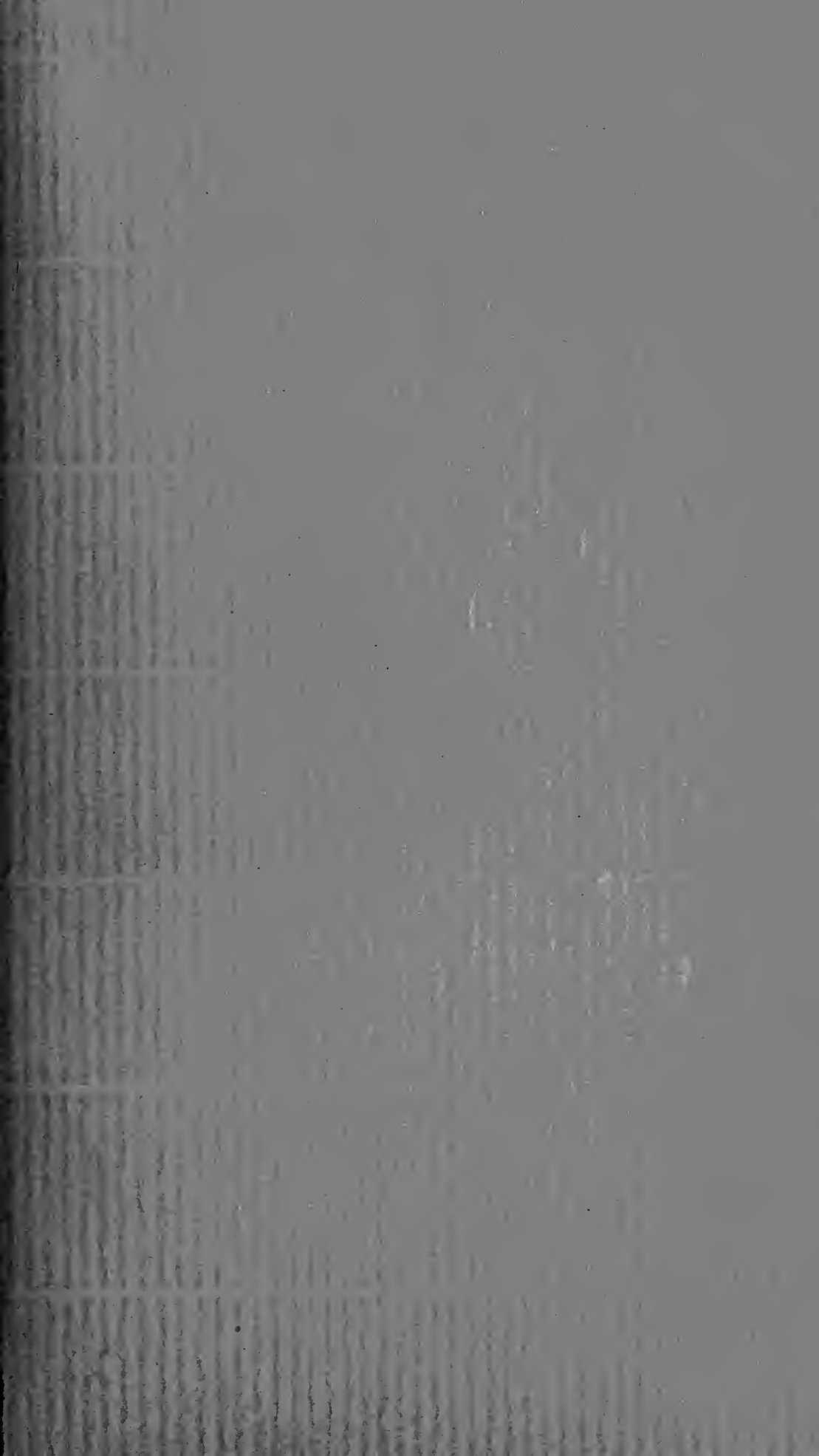
He was liberal also in the use of his means. There are scores of people in this city who can testify to the benevolent disposition of this deceased professor. There are scores of souls that he has lifted out of trouble by contributions that the world never saw, never heard of, contributions that God saw and some few hearts knew of, contributions that were caught up by angel hands and crystalized into stars to stud his crown in light. He was liberal toward his own church. I have sometimes been amazed at his generosity. We have never made an appeal to which he did not respond readily, willingly and to the extent of his ability. Sometimes he has placed in my hands money for his church which I was quite reluctant to take because I thought he was giving beyond the proper bounds, that he was giving where he ought not to have given, giving more than he was able to give. He never turned us away when we approached him for charity, for benevolence, for current expenses, for church extension,—any appeal that was made to him in the fear of God and in the sympathy of the Lord Christ was entertained by him, and so far as he was able, met at his hand a free and liberal response.

It has been said also that Professor Fristoe was a cheerful Christian. Those who knew him marked the exceedingly cheerfulness of his countenance, of his words, of his life. It is exceedingly difficult to be constantly cheerful in this world of darkness and sorrow and

sin, yet he was one of those few who recognized that the key-note of the kingdom of heaven is joy. I never saw him when sadness was on his face. I am sure I never saw him in church with sadness on his face. He did not believe that an elongated countenance and a down-cast eye were the best exhibition of the true spirit of Christianity. He had the upward look, and peace and joy were in his face. I never heard from him one word of murmur or complaint. He moved about among the members of his own church and among his own acquaintances and friends upon the principle that if we smile, others will smile with us, and he was continually in a cheerful mood. Not by an austere countenance, but by a cheerful countenance he commended the religion of his Saviour to his acquaintances and friends. I believe that he made peace with God. I believe that many of those graces and virtues which characterized were the direct outcome of his having made peace with God. He brought intellectuality to the Lord. He brought scholarship to the Lord. He brought the social faculty to the Lord. In all these ways he honored his Saviour and his God. But after all, the supreme test is not applied to intellectuality to the scholarship, or to the social-faculty of a man. Here was a man possessed of a soul, and in his early life he learned the true relation of that soul to the Lord, and he appreciated that relation all through his life, and we laid him away in the hope of the resurrection of the just.

May it be with us as it was with him in the time of departure from the world. He met it in hope, in faith with confidence in the Lord. He could say out of a soul that had loved the Lord for many years, and out of a life that had been consecrated to the service of the Lord, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished

my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.



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